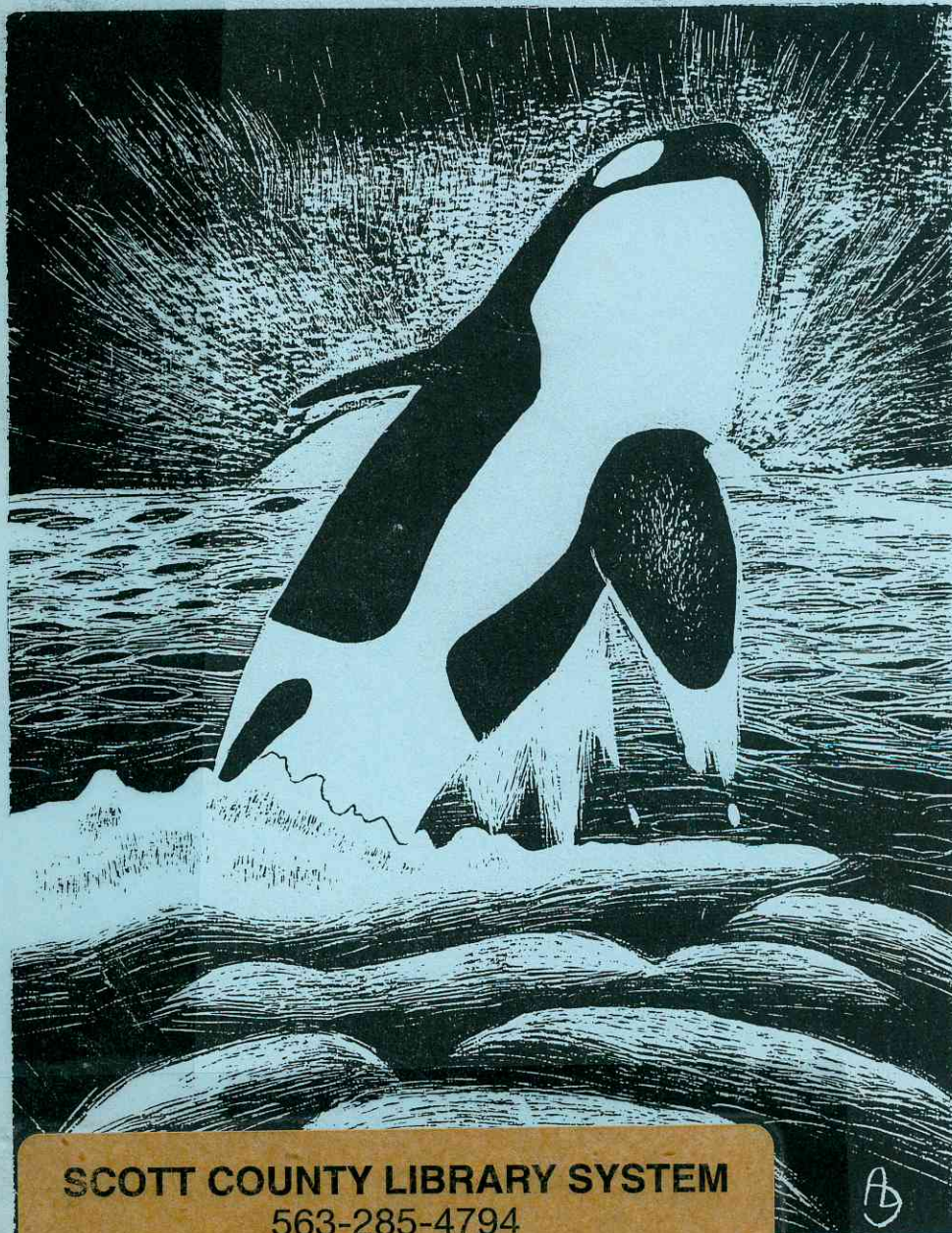


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Morning Star



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Volume 16, 1998-1999
North Scott High School
Eldridge, IA 52748

Morning Star

1998-1999

Volume 16

North Scott High School
Eldridge, IA 52748

Planned and organized by students Jen Drumm, John Wagner, Jessica Meyer, Ian Creecy, Jelene Ineichen, and Andrea Nauman

Sponsored by the North Scott High School Language Arts Department, with the help of Bernie Peeters and Joni Schneider, art instructors.

The staff of *The Shield*, advised by Dennis Hennigan, performed the word processing.

Cover art by Andi Gregerson, '01

Morning Star is a medieval weapon, and is a fitting name for a publication that joins North Scott High's *The Lance* and *The Shield*.

The founders of Morning Star in 1983-1984 also believed that the term describes any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. Thus the name fits perfectly the young writers and artists in this book.

-Joe Holle, '01



Cry

You can cry about anything.
You can cry forever or not long enough.
You can whine, pout, fight, be mad, and get frustrated but it all ends up
you cry.

I cry. You cry. Everyone cries.
So please don't be afraid to
CRY...

-Mae Bailey, '01

Life

It's hard
Confusing
Rough
And there is only one life to live.
Please live if safe not sorry.
Love your self
For what you are
And what it has become.

-Mae Bailey, '01

Love

Love
Good, Bad
Hurts, Fear, Committed
Scary, Someone else, Don't like, Hurts
Bad, fearing, Feelings
Fights, Someone else
Hate

-Mae Bailey, '01

Scene Description

Here is the scene that I lay before your eyes, so that you may read my distorted handwriting, and paint a wonderful picture in your mind from the words I choose, and so that you can feel the some of the same things I felt when I wrote this... This is my scene.

The most beautiful scene I can render was my goal in writing this paper when I first started, but as I thought about it more, the most beautiful scene I could possibly come up with would be a very difficult task. For me the **most** beautiful scene would have to include everything I find beautiful, all the people and things I love. And no longer would this paper be a scene description, but rather an epic dream-scape, with details and feelings taking pages to describe. So here is something I feel is heartwarming, that makes me feel comfortable and secure.

It involves my best friend, comrade, love of my life, my sweetheart, Sarah and me. Out of my feeling of obligation to her, and my immense joy in helping her out, I am taking her home to Iowa City. It's late at night, 'bout elevenish, and the rain has been pounding at my car like a blitzkrieg. The skies are a blackish blue. Well, that's if you're able to find a crack in a cloud to see the whole sky. The dingy gray clouds seem to cover up the sky like a blanket of old dirty cotton around the earth. I've decided to take my time in taking her home, because the worst part of this experience, I'm sure, will be letting her go at her door, and not being able to see her for awhile. So I have decided to crawl along the highway at a mere speed of 55 miles per hour and just soak up as much of her and all of this as I can.

Earlier, when we were getting in my car, the rain had felt so cold! It was as if someone was spraying us with a hose of ice cold Freon. But we don't have to worry about any of that now. The heater has been set at its highest, and the blankets of warmth my vents are laying on us are enough to make us both fall asleep. And the music, it's not helping much either in keeping me up for the ride. Portishead, with its melancholy lyrics and eeire drum beats, guitar, and scratching, is really tugging at my emotions tonight... Songs like "it could be sweet" with Beth Norton's soft, soothing vocals... But all is well. I'll be able to stay up long enough to take my darling home, even though that's the last thing I want to do.

ZOOOOMMMMM!!!! A car passes by my slow little blue Lumina with no hubcaps, and sprays the driver side of my car with the freshly fallen rainwater from the road. Sarah takes hold of my arm, and weaves her arm into the space between my arm and torso. She takes her small lil' fingers and interlocks them with my own, and squeezes to make sure I know she loves me. Everything about her screams love, the way she snuggles up against my body and lays her blanket over my lap. The light little brush of kiss on my cheek from her lil' lips and her eyelashes. She's such a sweetheart.

With a light blast of warm air from the heater vent, and the perfume of patchouli oil from Sarah's hair filling my nose, an overwhelming calm settles over me. It pours over my head and down my back and arms and legs like a bath of warm, scented water, until my whole body is soaking in everything around me and I feel immensely whole. The colors become more than colors, the scents become the air, just not a fragrance in the air, and the sounds, the motor humming and the windshield wipers squeaking against the windshield becomes music to my ears. I look down at the top of Sarah's white shaved head, and run my fingers through her short, little hairs and kiss the back of her head. She snuggles up closer to me and I move my head back up so I can look ahead down the road. I wish I could just stop here by the side of the road and not move another inch towards her house. Just turn off the car and snuggle and fall asleep to the music of the rain hitting the shell of the car. Ironically, and at almost the perfect time, the CD player moves to the next song, "Roads" by Portishead. It parallels almost my exact feelings right now. The song starts off soft, and then the mellow looping drum-beats seem to echo the patter of the rain on the windows... back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. The windshield wipers move along with the song, and while adding motion to the song, wipe clear the face of my car. "How can it feel, this moment... from this moment, how can it feel..." Beth Norton sings like a lullaby into Sarah's and my heart. And from this moment, I knew how it felt. Whole.

-Adam Beadel, '00

My Mind

When I'm down
I can kill a clown.
Don't have to be kind
in my mind

There is no grass there are no trees
There are only dead bodies

If you kill that is great
I'll put food on your plate

I am Satan, I am the lord
You mess with me I'll cut you
with my sword

Just remember when you go blind
everything's possible in my mind.

- Derick Saldivar, '01

From Heaven

Do you love me or do you not?
You told me once, but I forgot.
You picked me out from the rest
Cause you said you loved me best.
And if I die before you do
I'll go to heaven and wait for you.
And if you're not there, come judgement day,
I'll know you went the other way.
I'll give the angels back their wings,
Their golden harps and other things.
And then to prove my love is true,
I'll go to hell to be with you.

-TJ Farrell, '99

It's you

How can you be so wonderful, sweet love.
So very beautiful in more ways than one.
And deny yourself with a passion.
I wish you could see
The perfect being
Through my eyes
And truly believe it is you.

-TJ Farrell, '99

Push

A little bit more,
I swear I'll crack.
More than that
Will break my back.
Push and push till
I scream.
Your trust and love,
Too far it seems
For me to ever grasp again.
Let me go,
I'll leave,
You win.

-TJ Farrell, '99

Final Thoughts

We are the class of 1999.
We are individuals.
We have different tastes and talents.
We have different goals and dreams.
We are all unique and different.
But we are united as one class.
We are the final generation to graduate in the twentieth century.
Most of us went to the same elementary school and junior high together.
We got along as friends and popularity didn't exist.
We played together at recess, and had slumber parties.
But then we grew up and started to worry about what others thought of us.
Our class became divided and separated.
We all had our own little cliques and forgot about everyone else.
We had comfort in knowing our friends would talk to us at school.
We were insecure and frightened so we made fun of others.
Our old friendships were forgotten and buried with our memories of childhood.
Some of the students moved to North Scott and tried to blend in.
It is rough being new and not having anyone to talk to.
But a few of us made them feel welcome and confident here.
Now we have finished 12 years of learning and growing.
No amount of planning can prepare us for today.
Today we stand together united as one class.
We are here to graduate from North Scott High School.
After today we will go to college and others will work.
Let's put aside our differences and congratulate each other.
It is sad to leave, but exciting to go.
As we say good-bye to our friends and classmates,
Let's remember the time we had together.
We may never see each other again,
But we will always be the class of '99.

Good luck fellow seniors!

-Erin Grimme, '99

Questions Left Unanswered

Why?
Why isn't life fair?
Can you answer that question?
Can she? Can anyone?
Why can't anyone answer my simple four word question?
It seems simple enough.

How about some other questions?
Can you answer them for me?
Why do the good ALWAYS die young?
Why is it the people you least expect?
Why do good people always get punished
for what the bad have done?
Why do the people that work the hardest always get screwed over?
Why do the slackers get it all?

Why do the worst things in life always happen to me?
And why do they all happen at the same time?

Why do people judge others?
Don't we all have 10 fingers, 2 arms, 2 legs,
2 eyes, a nose and a mouth?
And if we don't, why do we ridicule these people?
Why don't we help them?
Why don't we learn from them?

Why do people betray their trust with others?
Why don't some people use common sense?
I don't understand!
Why can't you explain this to me?

Why isn't life fair?
Why do any of these things happen?
Why can't anyone answer my questions?
Does that seem fair?
So I ask one last time.
Why?

-Megan Jepsen, '01

If I Had A Final Wish

If I had a final wish
this night before I die
I'd wish a happy wish
to be alone with my guy.

We'd sit around and reminiscence
of times we shared before
we'd talk and hold and hug and kiss
till he walked out my door.

We'd smoke a joint and drink a few
while we enjoy the view.
He's got no clue,
this will be the last night
it will be just us two.

I hold him tight before he goes
if only he had knew.
the sorrow in my eyes it shows
this night my life is through.

I close the door and lock it tight
the gun held in my hand,
I shut my eyes with much fright.
No longer will I stand...

-Andrea Nauman '00

Hurting

The tears run down my face.
I long for someone to reach out to me.
My heart cries for attention.
My mind wants peace.
My body needs to be held.
My soul is broken.

The tears run down my face in hopes that someone will notice.
But I close the door to the outside.
I lock up my feelings.
All the hurt and pain grow.
The bitterness and hate don't go away.
The feelings stay behind my wall.
Will it ever be broken?

The tears run down my face.
My heart is hurt and confused.
My mind is a whirlwind of thoughts and problems.
My body aches for human touch.
My soul searches for answers.

The tears keep falling.
I want Healing for my broken heart.
I want to have Peace of mind.
I want Companionship for my body.
I want Quietness for my soul.
I want Love.
I need someone to Reach out to me.
I need someone to Hold on to me.
I need someone to Care.

When the tears fall,
Can you take a moment to reach out?
Will you care at all?
I need you, the tears are a sign.
I want your help.
But in the meantime,
The tears keep running down my face.

- Erin Grimme '99

Don't Let Your Heart Go

I feel like such a fool,
I let my heart slip away,
I told myself I'd never let go,
But my heart is gone now,
And I'm all alone.
I fell in love with sweet old you,
And now you've left me sad and blue.
I can't believe I let it go!
I held back for so long,
And then just couldn't take anymore,
You ran away but you forgot one thing,
You stole my heart,
And left me here to stand for ever more.
I did so well, held back for so long,
And you know what?
Don't ever let your heart go,
To only yourself does it belong.
So if another comes along,
Hold on for dear life,
And don't ever let go.....
-Andrea Nauman, '00

People
(Singular or Plural)

Happy to love you,
happy to hold.
Good natured by instinct,
incredibly bold.
Lovely to see,
heaven to hear.
Only to bore you,
this is my fear.
Would you laugh
or stare in wonder,
maybe not notice,
not even care.
I could live without you,
though I rather you there.
-Grant Shipman, '00

LOVELYVILLE

Free to a point,
all friends at that.
No significant other
he pulls out of his hat.
Never knowing what is next,
or what is to come.
I'm from lovelyville,
we all love one another.
So grand a place,
I wouldn't choose another.
Then back to unconstant,
always venturing out.
Seeing all the sites,
and wondering why.
Oh, the outlandish nights!!!
Though feareth thou not, I can return.
For I'm from lovelyville,
and we all love one another.

-Grant Shipman,00

TO HIM

Minds evolve, thoughts can kill.

Time refuses to stand still.

Armies march, countries feud.

Pardon me, I'll set the mood.

My little space, privacy.

Your abandonment, my decree.

Please take heed, and what I say,

turn to him, Christ today.

I'll take the role, act the act.

Shades of gray, play by play.

It's him I see clearer than ever.

The leap of faith,

now or never.

-Grant Shipman, '00

Re-living Death

Death excites me but it scares me too.
It's one of those things you want to witness
just to say you can.

When it happens you feel you could have
prevented it somehow.
That death was your fault.

Time passes and our mind keeps
the secret safe in our memory.
Our heart heals only to die again.

Life brings many joys after death
occurs in your life.
The things that bug you no
longer seem important.
It's the time with hobbies and
important people you cherish the most.

-Kendra Wulf, '01

Remembering the Past

Everyone lives with regrets.
Sometimes we can solve them and other times it becomes too late.
Death took away my chance to say good-bye.
I had months to prepare myself for his death.
But I thought I had enough time.
I visited him in the hospital every week.
With each visit he got worse and worse.
I hated seeing him lying in the hospital so weak and helpless.
This wasn't how I wanted to remember him.
He was a strong, independent, caring man his whole life.
I still needed him around for my life; I was only a kid.
I didn't even know him!
But I did know I loved him.
One night I went and sat in his room.
It was dark and peaceful.
He was lying in bed sleeping.
My eyes filled with tears as I watched him.
I could hear the humming of the machines and the smell of medicine.
Eventually, I drifted off to sleep, remembering all the times I spent with him.

A few days later, he died.
I was devastated.
All I thought of was how I had the chance to say, "Good-bye and I love you", but I didn't take the opportunity.
I will never get the chance again because death and time took that chance away from me.

Regrets, we all have them, but do we have to live with them...

-Erin Grimme, '99

I Miss

I miss my childhood,
I miss you,
I miss me,
I miss the life I once had.

Why did I have to leave?
Why did you go?
Why don't you care about me anymore?
Why don't you call?

I miss living by the shore,
I miss the walks on the beach,
I miss my friends who cared about me,
I miss the life I once had.

Why did I have to leave?
Why did you go?
Why don't you care about me anymore?
Why don't you call?

My life is over.
My life is done.
My life is gone.
My life was fun.

-Andi Gregerson, '01

I See

I see you from afar.
I see how you are.
I see the love in your eyes.
I see your lies.
I see the way you look at me.
I see what you do not see.
I see my life pass in front of you.
I see that I love you, too.

-Andi Gregerson, '01

Is This Love for You?

As I sit up here in my room
I start thinking about you
Wondering what you're doing right now.
So many things are going through my mind.
Things that I can't leave behind,
Things that you said to me.
I just want to know
Is this feeling true,
Is this love for you?
I remember the way you used to hold me.
The way you used to show me love.
With every single word.
Then I start to wonder what's going through your mind,
If you think about me all the time.
Or if you still love me.
I just want to know
Is this feeling true,
Is this love for you?
-Andi Gregerson, '01

DON'T LET GO

Just the look on your face,
says so much.
It tells a story,
of happy or sad,
Funny or serious.

To see you in pain,
hurts me inside.
I feel what you feel,
see what you see,
breathe what you breathe.

I can tell by the look on your face,
as you do with me,
if something is wrong.
What hurts you hurts me.
What hurts me hurts you.

To touch you,
is to touch an electric shock.
Both scares and makes weak.
But the difference,
one is love, one is not.

When you hold me in your arms,
I turn limp.
but I could stay like that forever.
If you were to let go,
I were to fall.

Don't let go of me,
I need you.
I need you to be strong,
When I am weak.
Don't let go of me.

To see you,
Is like seeing a new day.
I look in the mirror,
And see me looking at you,
looking back at me.

If you were to let go of me,
The story will be sad,
The breath would be deadly,
The shock would be dull,
And the mirror shall break.

Don't let go of me,
I were to fall.

Don't let go of me,
My love is all.
Don't let go of me.

-Lindsey Peekenschneider, '00

LIES

Some lie about who they love,
Some lie about the truth.
Some lie to save their lives,
Some lie about their youth.

Some lie about age and beauty,
The concept of sex.
Most lie about the night before,
A woman lies for a party dress.

I've lied for a stolen moment,
I've lied for one more clue.
I've lied about most everything,
But I've never lied to you.

Some lie in the face of death,
Some lie about their fame.
Some kneel and lie to God,
Some lie about their name.

Some lie in words and speeches,
With every living breath.
The young lie with their guitars,
The old lie for a little respect.

I've lied to lie with danger,
I've lied for a kiss or two.
I've lied about most everything,
But I've never lied to you.

I've to get you back in my life,
I've lied to keep you there.
I've lied to scare the others off,
I've lied to hide a swear.

I've lied to my mom straight faced,
I've lied to my best friend.
I guess I wasn't grown up enough,
I have faced it at the end.

You've lied to me in the past,
I know that this is true,
You don't give a care in the world,
But I'm telling you, I do.

I've lied for a stolen moment,
I've led for one more clue.
I've lied about most everything,
BUT I'VE NEVER LIED TO YOU.

-Lindsey Peekenschneider, '00

Angel

Barefoot and dirty, the girl just watched the people go by. She never tried to speak, she never said a word. Many people passed, but never did one person stop.

Just so happens the next day I decided to go back to the park, curious if the little girl would still be there. Right in the very spot as she was yesterday she sat perched on high, with the saddest look in her eyes.

Today I was to make my own move and walk over to the little girl. As we all know a park full of strange people is not a place for young children to play alone.

As I began to walk over to the little girl's dress indicated a deformity. I figured that was the reason the people just passed by and made no effort to help. As I got closer, the little girl lowered her eyes slightly to avoid my intent stare. I could see the shape of her back more clearly. It was grotesquely shaped in a humped over form. I smiled to let her know it was OK, that I was there to help and to talk.

I sat down next to her and opened with a simple "Hello". The little girl acted shocked and stammered a "Hi" after a long stare into my eyes. I smiled and she shyly smiled back. We talked 'til darkness fell and the park was completely empty. Everyone was gone and we at once were alone.

I asked the little girl why she was so sad? The little girl looked at me and with a sad face said, "Because I'm different." I immediately said "That you are" and I smiled. The little girl acted even sadder. She said, "I know." "Little girl," I said, "you remind me of an angel sent to watch over all those people walking by."

She nodded her head yes and smiled, and with that she spread her wings and said, "I am. I'm your guardian angel," (with a twinkle in her eye). I was speechless, certain I was seeing things. She said, "For once you thought of someone other than yourself. My job here is done. Immediately I stood to my feet and said, "Wait, so why did no one stop to help an angel?" She looked at me and smiled, "You're the only one that could see me, and you believe it in your heart." And she was gone, and with that my life was changed dramatically. So, when you think you're all you have, remember, your angel is always watching over you. Mine was...

-Author Unknown

Submitted by Deanna Peterson

**The following poem was a response to "The Meeting,"
a reading in the English II curriculum.**

It came upon a day two men were to meet.
The greatest duel they would ever fight.
All the guests were happily greeting.
Not to know what would happen that night.

I was shown the many knives.
That would kill in minutes to spare.
Not to know whose life would be taken
For I did not care.

Duncan and Uriatte's went to choose their weapons of choice.
The one to fight the other with.
For this started as a party of rejoice.
For one did not know that one was to die before the night was o'er with.

"Fight with your hands," the people said.
For the swords were to fight in no matter whose hands.
The fight was bloody to the end, when one was standing and other was dead.
For the swords were to fight in no matter who's hands.

-Deanne Peterson, '01

Carry On

One Star Shining in the sky.

Wish on it!

A sliver of the moon shines in the still blue sky.

Hang the day upon it.

A child sings in the dark, alone, where no one is.

Go find the music.

A heart cries on a deserted street corner.

Wipe the tears away.

A man runs faster and faster till his heart bursts.

Pick up his spirit.

Carry on. We all fall sometimes. We all lose hope.

-Sarah Creecy, '01

Broken

Bits of glass
Wink up at me
Like stars
Fallen in to the pavement
As I move
From light to light

They
Span the heavens
Of our streets
A shattered milky way
Each wink
Intensely
Alone
Among millions

Alisha Fields, 00'

THE BOY YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW

You see a boy you've always known,
but I've known from the start
This boy you see's not made of stone
There's feeling in his heart

"Look at his face. He's doing fine."
But what you say is wrong
Can't you see what's on his mind?
Can't you hear his song?

He's all torn up inside his heart
And his sadness is looking out
His happiness has been ripped apart
But what's it all about?

Has all life's meaning gone away?
Has someone done him wrong?
Is this the way that it'll stay?
Has it been this way all along?

Still, he keeps on fighting, pushing on
Towards a brighter day
He's searching for that inspiring song
To turn his skies from gray

You see, giving up before you start
That just isn't the way
So while life will tear him apart
He'll smile anyway

You'll see him laugh without any strife
And happy he will seem
You'll see all this but in his life
There's only an empty dream

He'll wander, desperately searching his soul
To find some reason to live
And finally give up his battling role
There's nothing more he can give

He was a child; just the beginning
He fought and struggled, he tried
But battling himself, depression was winning
And in desperation, he died

Words can't describe the pain I feel
Now that my friend has passed on
I think of his death; it doesn't seem real
I just can't believe he is gone

He didn't just take *his* life with that gun
But now he's taken mine, too
No bullet touched me, he fired just one
But his death ripped my heart in two

To all the people that think of just quitting
I suggest you think through it all
There are people who love you, and love nets they're knitting
To catch you if you ever fall

-Jackie Wristen, 01'

A Young Man....

A young man searching for acceptance and adventure plays a game of cards, then goes exploring. Swords glisten in the pale moonlight. The men dash at each other and what the boy is hoping to see comes true. He watches a man die. Bottled inside of him, a secret of death. It spills out years later.

Wonder surrounds the topic, who were these men really and what became of them
after they picked up the sounds?

- Sarah Creecy,'01

The Journey...

Questions dance
and long roads gleam,
with short dead-ends clustered in-between.

Minds expand...
Although not always good.
Evil deception, fire wood,
to burn forever, killing that could.
Raised on talk shows, and excessive hosts.

In this world we live in,
Who has the most? What does this mean?
Please give me a hint, how do I try.
See the glory..... Idle by
All is all
End is end
though just a thought, a trivial trend.

-Grant Shipman, '00

A Little Detour in Paris

The gardens at the palace of Versailles are a sight to behold. There are rows upon rows of shrubs, fountains, trees, and pathways. In the middle of the largest path there is a fountain of horses. Once it must have been brilliantly shiny, but now it has turned green and rusty. Bordering some of the smaller paths are smooth, ancient statues. Some of them are historical people, while others are innocent cherubs. As you walk through this maze, you feel a sense of awe and peacefulness that is very hard to describe. Even though it is winter now, if you close your eyes you can almost smell the many fragrances of the flowers that will bloom in the spring. After finding your way out of the garden, you are sorry to leave that magical place where you lost yourself for a brief time.

-Keri Weston, '00

A Nightmare

All around glint grasses rustle; the ground thimble. Darkness engulfs me, while thunder pounds from every direction.

Heavy breathing can be heard overhead. Fear takes over; muscles tense. Suddenly everything is still; I sigh with relief.

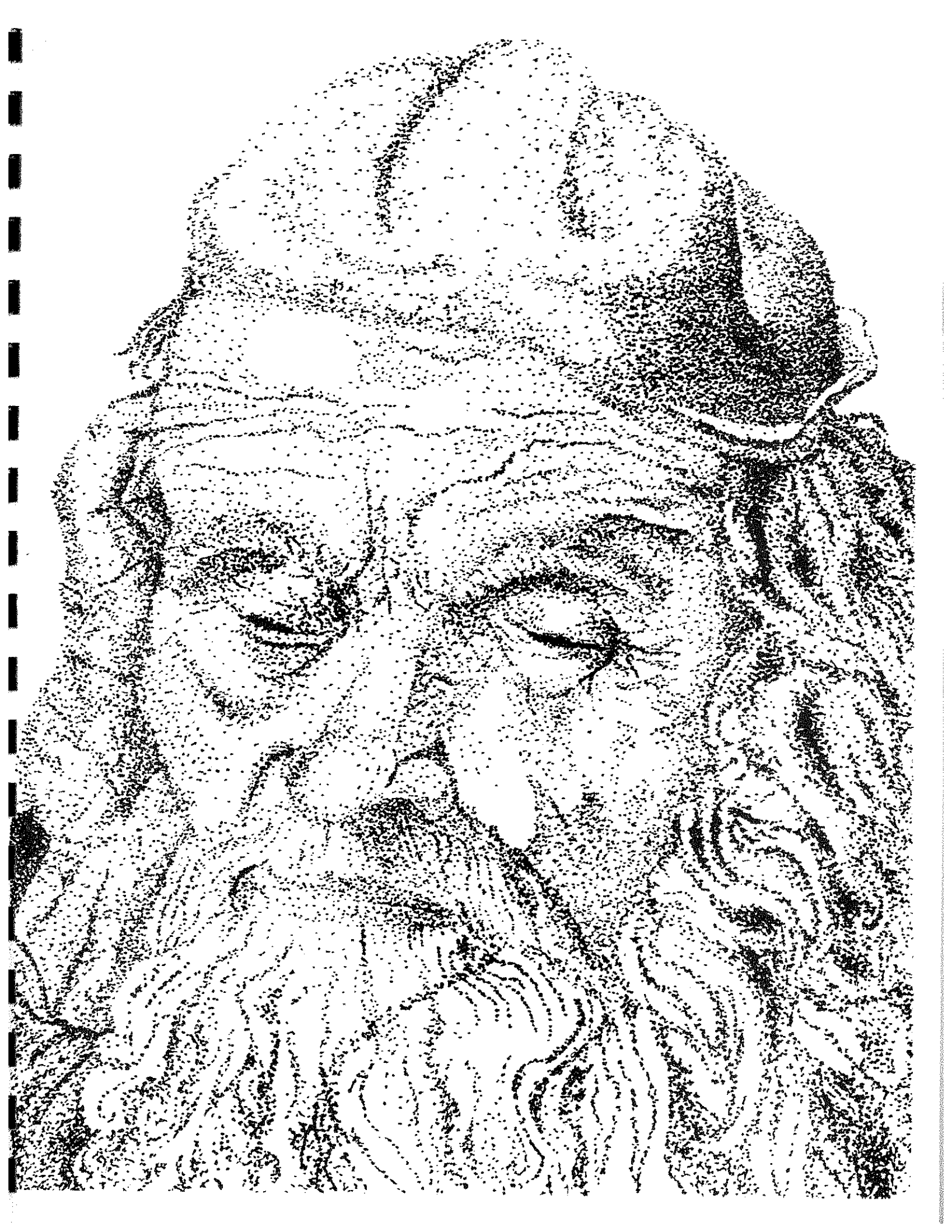
Seconds later raspy noises begin to sound. Cautiously I crawl away, but I do not get very far.

Something brushes against my cheek, and bright lights blind me.

Childish giggles dance on air; dwarfish arms fly about my neck. Upon waking, I find myself being "attacked" by my tiny, little sister.

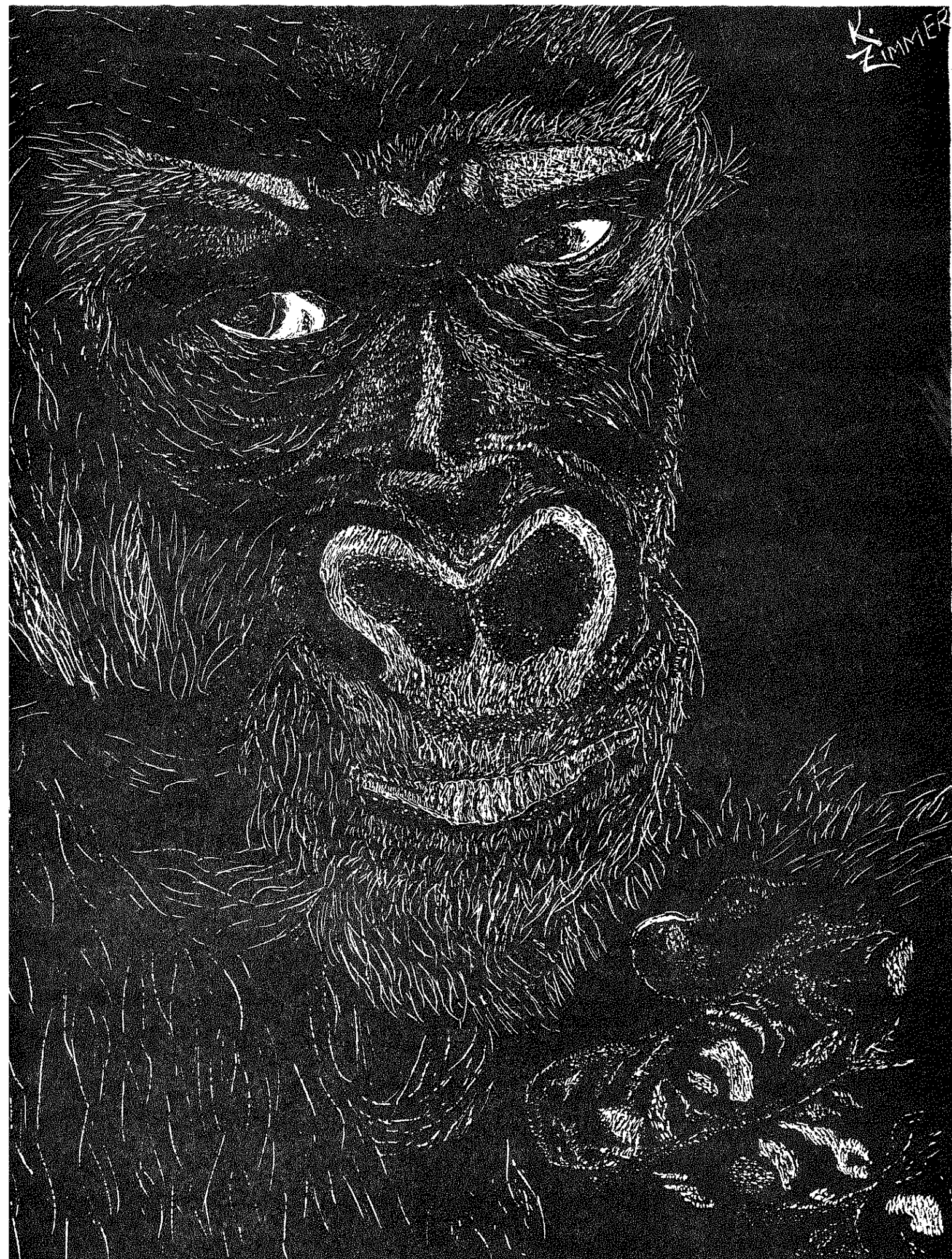
-Keri Weston, '00

-Nikki Fossum, '01

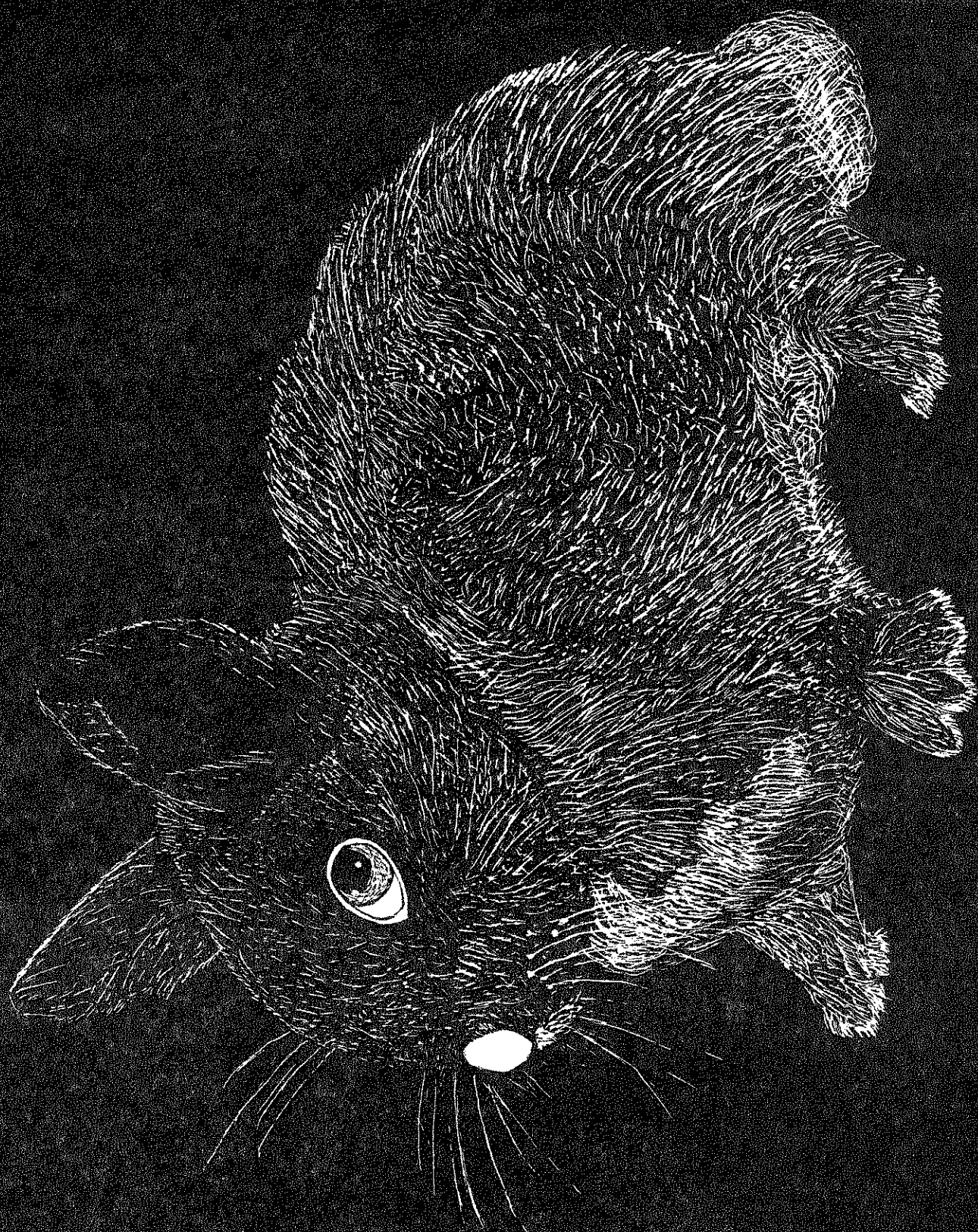


-Kristine Zimmer, '99

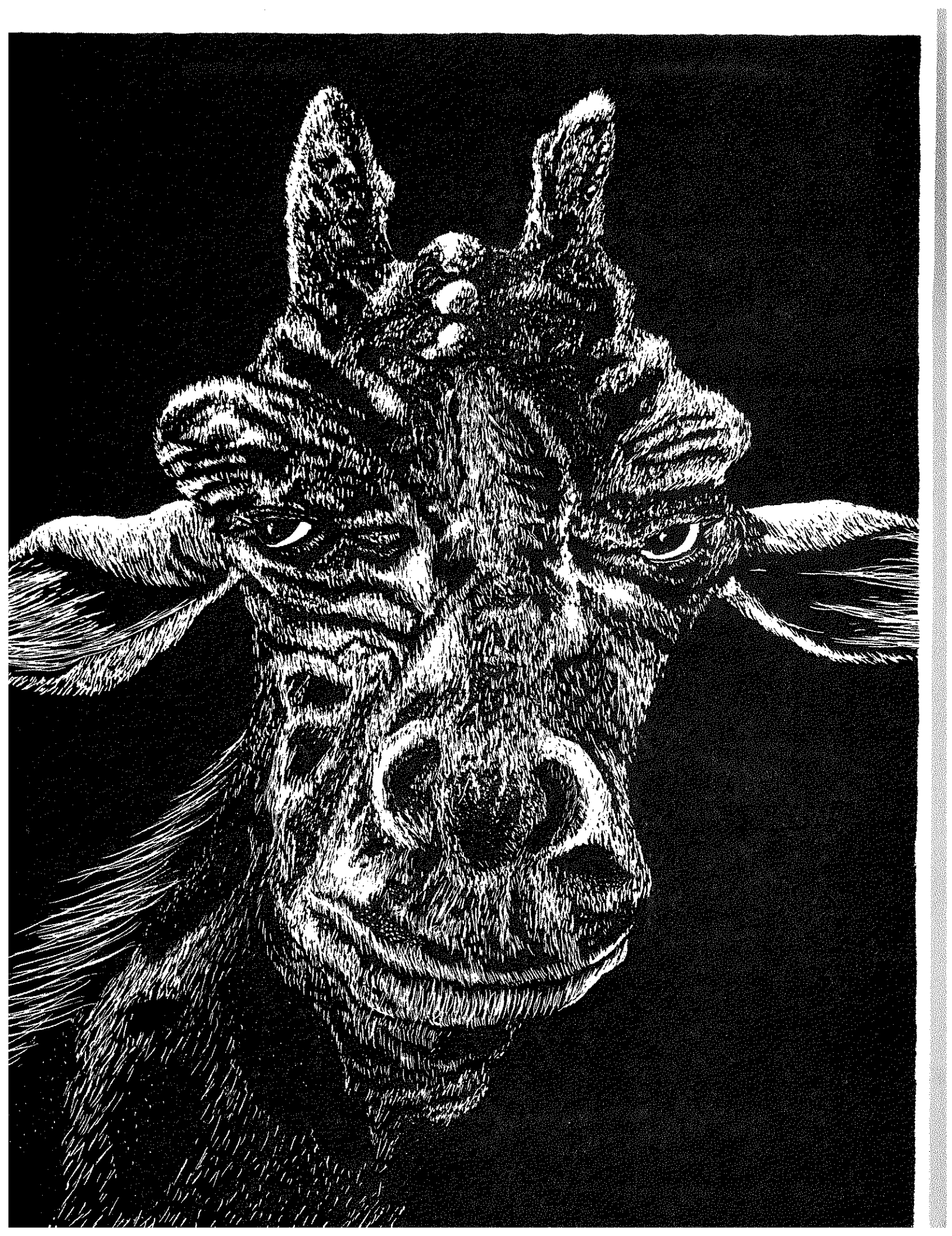
K. ZIMMER



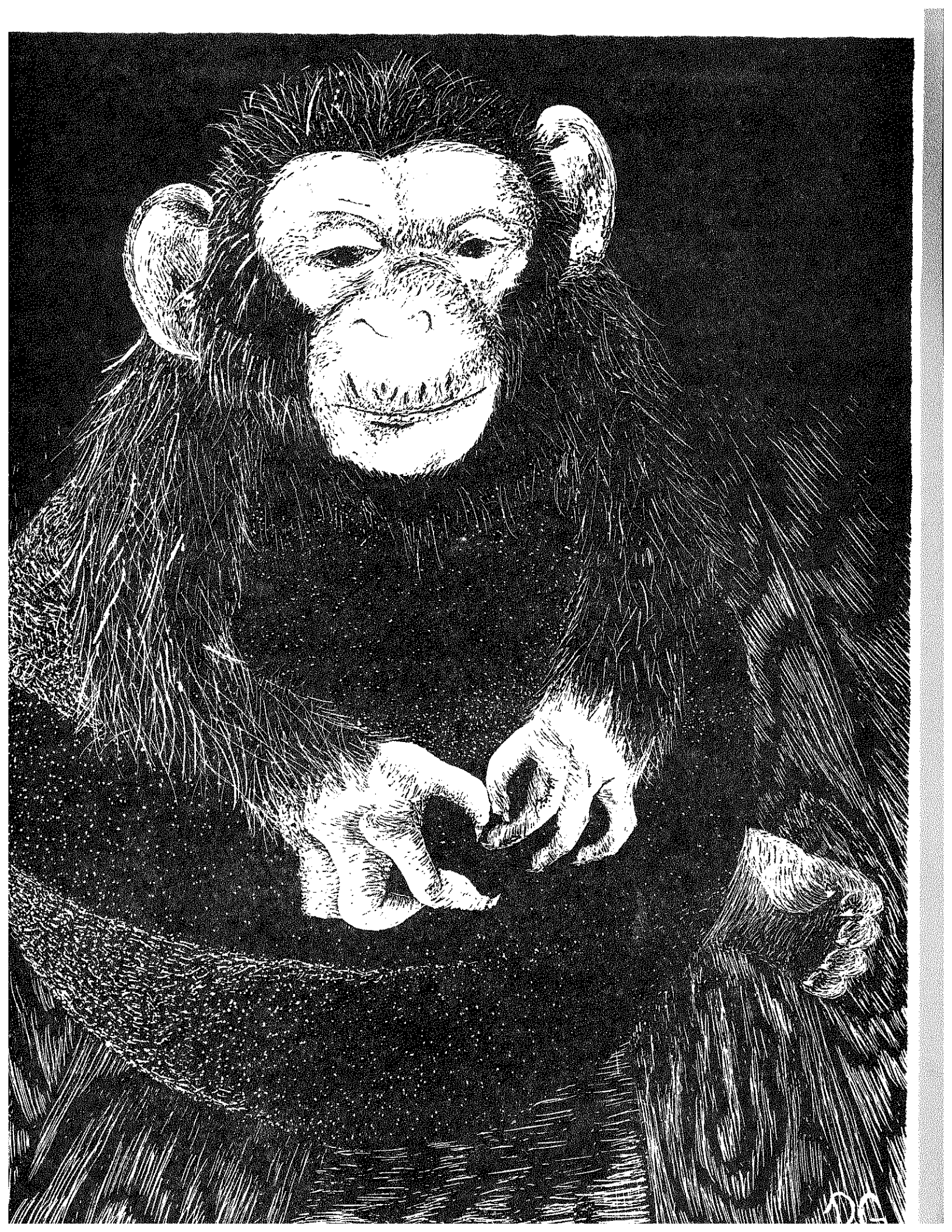
-Alyssa Krambeck, '99



-Nikki Fossum, '01



-Amber Gregerson, '02



-Cole Wilson, '01

